"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY UNITARIAN JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 8.—VOL. XVI.] AUGUST, 1872. [PRICE 1½d.

THE CONFESSOR OF ANTIOCH:

A SKETCH OF THE EARLY ARIANS.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Theodore, of all strange fellows you are the strangest. You really care so much about this little letter, this single *iota*, that if you don't get a bishop who calls himself Homoiousian, instead of Homoousian, you will leave us all, and go, God knows where?"

"Now, Philip, you know as well as I do," replied Theodore, "just as well as I do, that this little letter, as you call it, makes the whole difference between the worship of the Father only, and the worship of the Father and the son; and were an Athanasian to fill the throne of George of Cappadocia, I should leave Alexandria, and go back again to Antioch."

"And leave Eudoxia?"

"O, no! she goes with me; in another week we shall be married, and then—"

"And then—do you think she will leave her home and her friends to go with you to that Arian Antioch of yours? And what would Cleon say? He, at least, is a good Athanasian, and leaves out the 'i' like a man of sense."

"Oh, dear Philip, why do you seek to frighten me? Eudoxia is the merest child, and will believe as I do. Cleon is my friend, bound to me by the closest ties, and he will never seek to injure me by depriving me of his sister. He owes me a thousand obligations—and besides, after all, we need not count the chances, one way or another, till the new bishop is appointed."

Theodore was still, however, far from happy, and Philip, to change the conversation, spoke of George of Cappadocia.

"Worst of Arians," he said laughingly, "be honest for once. Do you really profess to admire the late bishop of yours?—a prouder prelate never bent the false knee to God—a more ambitious prelate never domineered over a wretched clergy."

"Speak good only of the dead—surely, Philip, you forget that precept—and how much more should we speak good of the dead who have received the crown of martyrdom. I had no love for George, save only that he protected those who worship as I worship—but at last the grace of God made him strong to bear, and firm to endure. He died as a Christian should—let him rest in peace."

"Tell me of his death, Theodore, for you know I was away when it took place."

"You remember, Philip, that wretched pile of ruins which was once a temple of the Persians, and where, with their trains of Magi, with their censers laden with the sacred fire, with their singing boys, they worshipped the God Mithras—this place, you know Constantius, of happy memory, had given to the Christians of Alexandria for a church, and George determined to erect one worthy of the faith upon the site. So the workmen began to excavate the ruins, and before long they had opened a great space which lay behind the false god's shrine. O, horror of horrors, Philip! We knew, indeed, that they sacrificed beautiful white horses to this fearful Mithras, but here were the remains of men and women, slain partly for sacrifice and partly for the diviner's wicked art. No wonder George's indignation was aroused—never, as you know, was he the most prudent or the meekest of men, and now he was terrible in his wrath. He collected a chosen band, and in solemn procession, and with cries of execration, the poor bones of the victims were carried through the city. Meanwhile the Pagan population of the place were roused. The mob of Pagans were increased by many an Athanasian who, God

forgive them, joined in the attack. Stones flew around like hail. Some of us escaped —many more were caught and killed. Swords and clubs were the more merciful instruments of death; the cross was the fate of many. Some were strangled—some were drowned. Meanwhile, George showed a courage as fearless as ever. He struck down the heathen as they leaped upon him. He tried to keep his few remaining followers together—his cheek never grew white, nor did his glance quail; and now he has pressed forward to the cathedral church itself, and, if the Christians of Alexandria can once join him, his life is safe. But it is too late. The approaches to the church are guarded by the savage Pagans, headed by some old Persian priest. He is seized; he is fastened to a camel; he is torn to pieces; and he and the camel are burnt together. Such, Philip, was our bishop's end, and be sure that his death will be remembered wherever the Christian faith is held, and the name of George will be linked in the hearts of men with the names of those who lead the noble army of the martyrs."

Theodore could little guess how true these last words of his should be. The name of the martyred Arian bishop was carried to the far East, and those who knew nothing of his life were touched by the story of his cruel death. Wherever the Arians spread, they spread their too partial story of George of Cappadocia; and as time passed on wild legends grew up around his memory, and strange myths immortalised his deeds. Athanasius became a fiery dragon, breathing out pestilence over the land. The Church of Christ was symbolised as a fair virgin, rescued from destruction by a young and gallant knight, and George the proud and false (as alas! he had too often been) becomes St. George the Martyr. Arianism vanished, but the fable of St. George remained, though its meaning was long forgotten: and when the Crusaders in later days swept over the East, they found St. George the favourite saint in all those far off lands, and brought back to England the well-known romance, and adopted its hero as our country's patron saint.

Chapter II.

Alexandria woke up next morning to the knowledge that her loved Athanasius was again with her. When his watchword had been "Athanasius against the world," the secret heart of Alexandria at least had always been true and faithful to him. In vain had Arian bishops filled his throne—in vain had the fickle crowd shouted, as it ever shouts, for the uppermost—in vain had the Arians drawn over the time-servers and the hypocrites. Athanasius was the bishop for Alexandria, and the Alexandrians were his own peculiar flock.

How the bells ring out to greet the bishop's return! How the balconies and terraces are crowded with beautiful women, and hung with the gayest purples of Tyre! How the populace pours out and fills every street, and shouts for "Athanasius!"—"Athanasius the Bishop!" "Athanasius the Orthodox!" "Athanasius against the world!" Who would have thought that only yesterday the city was in name at least Arian, and that Arian service had been performed in the great Basilica? Half the Arian priests must have been in heart Athanasian, and the very men who had so short a time before swelled the train of George of Cappadocia, are now circling round their new bishop, and bearing him in triumph to his throne.

And are there none still faithful to their creed? Oh yes, here and there you see men shrinking from observation, and mournfully muttering some prayer for help in time of need. There, for instance, under that archway stands an old man, bent down with age—he was a friend of Arius himself, and the meek holy face of that loved teacher is rising up before him. Arius too had been an Alexandrian. Arius, too, had once had in this very town his admiring followers and his humble servants; but although, when he had died by that strange suspicious death at Constantinople, his teachings had spread in many lands, here at least they seem to take no root. And as the old man thus muses, the triumph sweeps along, and the people shout, and Athanasius, as he passes by, recognises him and calls him "heretic." And now a new cry rises, "Down with the Arians!" and the old priest hurries away to prepare his departure from his home. He knows well what that look of Athanasius portends. He knows that, brave and fearless, and noble as he is in adversity, Athanasius is harsh and inexorable when in power.

Close to the door of the great church

there was another spectator of the triumph of Athanasius—Theodore. The procession, now increased by a number of the monks who lived round the Cæsareium, swept on, and entered the sacred precincts. The full choir chanted forth "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit," and the response was given by Athanasius and his friends. How heavily that "world without end" sounded on Theodore's ear! it seemed, as it were, the last dirge of the Arianism of Alexandria. And again and again, as the response died away, another and further group in the procession caught up the last words—and "world without end" was repeated by every tongue in that vast crowd. And what a crowd it was, and how terrible a contrast to the number at last night's service!

Theodore could bear it no more, but went in search of Lucius, the old priest, whose devotion to his master's cause, through good and ill report, he well knew.

When he reached Lucius' little house he found some dozen well-known faces already there.

Lucius was sitting at the edge of his humble bed. His priestly garments were scattered about the room. His friends were standing round him, and were evidently urging him to some step, which he was as evidently unwilling to take. "Here is Theodore," said Lucius, "what does he say?" "Yes," said the most earnest of the speakers, "here is Theodore, and Theodore will think as we do. Lucius wants to leave Alexandria, and we tell him that he must stay and be our bishop." "And I tell them, Theodore," said Lucius, "that Alexandria is no safe place for any of us, and that Athanasius is a terrible enemy." "O, Lucius!" replied the first speaker, "you do yourself and us wrong by words like these. Athanasius dared not, and could not, injure us while Julian lives; you remember Julian's letter to the Pagans, when they killed our bishop, George (Heaven give him rest!), and how he threatened them with the cruellest punishments for an iniquity so great; and beside—" "O, dear friend!" said Lucius, sadly, "gladly would I stay with you and be your bishop, could I believe that I should do good to you and yours. For myself, I care not; I am an old man, and gladly, God knows, would I, if need be, put on that crown of fire which is the martyr's glory; but am I worthy, dear friends, am I worthy? and is there not among you an arm more strong to guard, and a head more wise to plan for God, and Christ, and you, than the arm and the head of Lucius? But, Theodore, what do you think?" "I think, holy father, that without you the Arians of Alexandria would be as sheep without a shepherd, and the wolf would make us at once his prey. As for myself, dear Lucius, I may have to leave for Antioch—my home, you know; and a voice is ever whispering to me that here, at least, I cannot stay; but others must stay, and unless you are their bishop, what will become of them? Yes, Lucius, you must be our bishop—a bishop of a small flock—a bishop with no cathedral church—but our bishop still; Lucius, you consent, is it not so?"

Theodore paused, and Lucius slowly rose, and drawing himself up to his full height, and raising his arms in the air—"O, Eternal Father!" he exclaimed, "grant me thy grace, and pour upon me thy Holy Spirit, that I may be a worthy steward of thy mysteries, and a faithful pastor of thy flock."

And the little band of Arians joined in a deep heartfelt "Amen," and kissed the old man upon his cheek, and then each knelt to receive his blessing.

And as the old man blessed them they could hear through the open window the feet of the people hurrying from the church, and the shouts of "Athanasius for ever!"

And here we part from Lucius and the Arians of Alexandria. They fought a good fight, and in another world, if not in this, they have received their reward.

We have now to trace the steps of Theodore. From the house of Lucius he went to the house of Eudoxia. She would speak to him in a minute, the servant said, but just now she was with Cleon. A thousand fears and doubts passed through Theodore's mind, and a thousand times reason had to remind him that Cleon was his friend, and that Eudoxia was his betrothed. Still the fear returned. Was not Cleon a zealous Athanasian, nay, an Athanasian priest, and had he not but just returned from that service which exulted over the downfall of the Arians?

At last Eudoxia entered. We need not describe the scene, when, heart-broken herself, she told Theodore that Cleon had

forbidden her to see him again, because he was an Arian, and no heretic should be Eudoxia's husband. In vain had been all her entreaties and tears. In vain had she promised to remain in Alexandria, and make Theodore forswear his native country. It was all useless, now, she said; they must part never to meet again.

"But," said Theodore at last, "Cannot I alter his resolution? O, Eudoxia, he cannot separate us." "No, Theodore, you know my brother as I do. He cannot be persuaded when he is acting, as he thinks, for the best. To his church he would sacrifice himself, and me, and all, and everything. We cannot alter *him*."

"But, Eudoxia, why are you bound to follow his wishes, however arbitrary and unjust? Dear child, come with me to Antioch, far away from this cruel city, and that harsh brother."

Theodore had touched a wrong chord. Eudoxia's love for her brother was intense and passionate. They had been early left orphans, and Cleon had acted as father and brother both in one.

He might be harsh to others, but to her he was always loving and gentle. He had nursed her when a child; he had been her friend, and confidant, and guide. And as Theodore spoke, the memories of seventeen years rushed upon her, and her grief turned into indignation at Theodore's proposal. Disobey Cleon? It was impossible! it was terribly wicked to dream of such a thing! Better lose Theodore for ever than lose her own soul and her brother both.

One more hope—one last hope—she has. Will not Theodore forsake his Arianism for her? She asks him; and now it is *his* cheek that flushes scarlet, and *his* voice that trembles with mingled feeling. And she urges him again. He is no bigot, like Cleon, and what can this little difference between them really matter? God is good, and will not condemn any one for leaving out a letter in a word. She would not mind becoming either Arian or Athanasian for the sake of one she loved. And if he hesitated, did he really love her? Certainly he did not love her as she loved him.

"O, Theodore, Therodore, for me, for me, you will become as Cleon is: Cleon is so good, and I shall be so happy. O, Theodore, what a home I will make for you! How pleasant life will seem when we are always together. But one word, Theodore, but one word."

It was a terrible moment and a fierce trial; but Thedore bore it bravely. One last look, one last word, and it was over, and he had left Eudoxia for ever. "He who loves father or mother more than me is not worthy of me," came ringing in his ear, and as he hurried home he prayed the Father for strength to tread the path which the Son had trod before, and for assistance in time of sorest need. And before he had reached his home, that holy Father, to whose supreme honour and majesty he had just sacrificed the dearest half of his life, had sent his angel of consolation and peace into the young confessor's heart, and had whispered, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee! I will come and make my abode with thee."

The next morning saw Theodore and his faithful friend Philip (who insisted on going with him) on board a ship bound for Antioch.

(*To be concluded in the next.*)

UNITARIAN JUDGES.

After Story, Kent, and Marshall, America has produced no judge so great as Theophilus Parsons, once the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. In 1859 a very interesting biography of him was published by his son, and we propose to make a few quotations from it.

He was known as "The Giant of the Law," a title which his vast learning and mental power fully deserved. Yet his professional learning formed only a part of his attainments. It was said of him that, while he knew more law than any other man, he knew more of everything else than of law. He was passionately attached to the study of Greek, of natural science, and of mathematics; and so skilled was he in mechanical arts, that the following story, whether true or false, obtained general currency. We quote it from an American newspaper:—"When on circuit his carriage met with an accident. He stopped at a blacksmith's to have it repaired, then went to a carriage-maker's and conversed with him about the necessary woodwork, and then to a painter's and directed him how to prepare his paints that they should dry at once. After he had gone on these mechanics

conferred together. Said the first—'That man rides in his carriage now, but I am sure he was a blacksmith once.' 'No,' said the carriage-maker, 'but he has been a worker in wood.' 'I think not,' said the painter, 'for I am sure he has learned my trade.' "

He was a deeply religious man—though, as he did not agree with the religious views that prevailed in his day, and, moreover, thought religion too grave a subject for general conversation, he seldom talked of it to others. But he loved its study so much that he became proficient in every technicality of theology, and could always interest, and even astonish, by the accuracy and originality of his views, those whose whole lives were spent in such inquiries; and his studies produced in him an habitual and practical piety, which went with him to the last moment of his life.

"I examined," he was in the habit of saying, "the proofs of Christianity, and weighed the objections to it, many years ago, with the accuracy of a lawyer, and the result was an entire conviction of its truth." Three months before his death he told a friend that he had once taken up the narratives of Christ's resurrection with a view to ascertain the weight of the evidence by comparing together the accounts given by the four Evangelists; and that from their agreement in all substantial and important facts, as well as their disagreement in minor circumstances, considered them as independent witnesses, giving their testimony at different periods, he believed that the evidence would be considered perfect if the question were tried before any court of law. He recommended Belsham's "Evidences" as a simple and compressed argument, placing Christianity on a solid and unassailable foundation. On one occasion he was led to consider how he should view and state the Evidences if he were sitting on them as a judge. He supposed a jury to be trying a case which depended on the truth or falsehood of the Gospels; and he composed a long written discourse, embodying all the testimony, the points raised by it, and the arguments for and against, as in ordinary charges to juries.

This minute student, this trained and powerful thinker, this sincere Christian, what was the cause of his Christianity? His opinions were the result of careful inquiry and thought, and great weight must attach to them.

He was a Unitarian. He entirely rejected the doctrines of vicarious punishment, of election, and of salvation by faith without works. He rejected also the doctrine of a Trinity; but his precise views of the nature of Christ are not known. To his influence in appointing the Unitarian Dr. Kirkland as president of Harvard University we mainly owe the Unitarian character which has distinguished that chief seat of American learning ever since.

It has often been noticed that the last words of the English Chief Justice, Lord Tenterden, were, "Gentlemen of the jury, you will consider of your verdict." By a curious parallel, Chief Justice Parsons, while lying on his deathbed in a state of lethargy, was heard to say similarly, "Gentlemen of the jury, the case is closed and in your hands, you will please retire and agree upon your verdict."

II.

Among the greatest admirers of Parsons was Jeremiah Smith, the Governor and also the Chief Justice of New Hampshire, whom Daniel Webster declared to be "equalled by few in original power, practical wisdom, and judicial learning and acuteness; surpassed in the love of honour, justice, and truth by none." In early life he was the friend and ardent supporter of Washington; and after a long career of labour and study, survived to enjoy life, literature, and law till upwards of eighty-two, with as much zest as others who have not numbered half those years. Heavy domestic calamities fell upon him one after another in quick succession, but though left a solitary old man, his cheerful confidence in God showed the depth of his religious faith. In early life he took an oath never to sit in a place where injustice was done without righting it to the utmost of his power; and in his last days he was able to look back and feel that he had kept it.

His great learning and his intellectual vigour placed him in the first rank among American judges; but it was not to these that he himself looked for fame. "If," he has written among his private memoranda, "the world should be pleased to

speak of me after I am dead, let them say, he was a judge who never permitted justice to be strangled in the nets of form." Happy in his home, his fortune, and his intellectual possessions, he wished others to share in his blessings. He delighted in teaching the young; and he gave away in charity usually a tenth, and sometimes more than a sixth of his income.

Books were the great resource of his life, and he found time for them even in his busiest days. He was intimately acquainted with the whole range of English literature; but there was no department of knowledge beyond his profession for which he had so strong an original turn, or to which he had given so much attention, as theology. Few professed theologians have so thoroughly investigated the grounds of natural and revealed religion or the distinctive doctrines of Christianity. He admired Bishop Butler's works above those of all other divines, and used to quote with approval a remark that everybody should read Butler's "Analogy" once a year till he can understand it, and once a year afterwards to enjoy it.

And what was the creed of Chief Justice Smith? He was educated as a Scotch Presbyterian, and graduated at a Presbyterian college. But the more he thought and studied the more comprehensive did his creed become. He delighted in the discourses and writings of Channing; and, like him, ceased to believe in a Trinity. He belonged to the Arian school, regarding Christ as the greatest of created beings, and attached a deep though undefined significance to his death. But he acknowledged as a Christian brother every one who accepted the Scriptures as a rule of faith and sought to mould his life by their spirit. "Yes," he used to say to narrow-minded young men, "that is all very well. It is the way for you to go, if you so believe in your heart, but it is not the only way." And as he grew in years, and his faith was purified and strengthened by trial, he became still more catholic in his feelings, attaching more importance to Christian fidelity, and less to creeds or rules of discipline.

Like Parsons, he subjected the evidences of Christianity to the cool, searching scrutiny of a judge's inquiry, applying to them the severest rules of testimony; and, like him, he was thus brought to a clear, undoubting conviction of the truth of the Gospels.

A WOMAN NAMED DAMARIS.

By Thomas Bowring.

Every reader of the Book of Acts must have at times wished that the historian had been pleased to afford some more information than is found in his narrative of certain persons named therein. Much would he like to know a little more in detail of Cornelius, of Eneas, of Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened, of Dorcas, who was full of good works, and last, but not least, of Damaris, who, with others unnamed, was converted by the preaching of Paul. But the wish cannot here be realised. In another and more perfect state of existence we may be brought face to face with these, with numbers more whose names are in the Book of Life. In the meantime we must be thankful that so much has been written for our learning, and so many bright patterns of human excellence are thus set before us for example and encouragement. Enough is given for our guidance and comfort, a great cloud of witnesses are around us, and their testimony is of the utmost value. St. Luke's object was to furnish a very brief, but at the same time a very clear account of the early progress of the Gospel, and in this he has been eminently successful. His very succinctness is suggestive—a slight stroke of the pen—a word even—is often sufficient for the purpose. And so, when he mentions barely the woman Damaris—though we have not a syllable further recorded concerning her—though we are told nothing of her rank in society, of her mode of life, of her connections, nor even of her moral character, still we have something whereon to form a conjecture of her antecedents, whilst we may be assured that her name would not have been at all mentioned were she not among those to hold in honourable and everlasting remembrance.

The name of Damaris stands connected with that of Dionysius the Areopagite, and he must have enjoyed much consideration in Athens; we conclude, therefore, this woman was of birth and high social repute, that she was of Gentile ex-

traction, for, if a Jewess, the fact would have been noticed; that she was of a thoughtful and inquiring turn of mind, and that her heart was right before God. We must also suppose that she was dissatisfied with the popular theology, disgusted with the superstition, pained with the licentious sentiments and practices then so prevalent — longing for truth, anxiously seeking it—panting as the hart for the water-brooks, for the peace which she had found, by sorrowful experience, the world could not give. Athens, we are informed, was a city wholly given to idolatry. So numerous were the temples and images of the heathen divinities, that it was wittily said it was easier to find there a god than a man. And yet in Athens, the most avowed, unblushing infidelity—earthly, sensual, devilish—was the character of a great part of its so-called philosophy. Belief in a superintending Providence was branded as a delusion, laughed at as a fond dream—the future life was a theme for heartless mockery. Yet the men who thus despised and sneered were among the first to give in to the idolatrous practices of the age, their maxin being to think with the wise, to act with the vulgar. They attended the temples, they threw incense on the altar, and were seldom more angry than when any one stood up to disabuse the minds of the people, and to lead them to the knowledge of better things. It was on the famed Mars Hill, a high and precipitous rock, overlooking the proud and wayward city, that Paul spake of the unknown God, whom some of the inhabitants worshipped, though in entire ignorance of his attributes and dealings; and it was here, whilst listening to the impassioned words of this great Apostle, that the heart of Damaris was pierced, her lips touched with a living coal from the divine altar, her mind purified and enlightened, and her hitherto imprisoned soul was released from the bondage under which she had pined with scarcely a hope of deliverance. Faith now took the place of despondency; beauty was given to her for ashes; she reverentially, joyfully saw the Father in the Son; the days of her mourning were ended.

The women of whom we read in the New Testament formed a band of very admirable workers in and for the common faith. For the most part personally unknown to each other, they were one in heart, were baptised into the same spirit, and though Damaris was not with the little affectionate knot of mourners who were "last at the Cross and earliest at the tomb," still their grateful feeling found an echo in her breast, and she was willing, with them, to love, to do, to suffer for their common Lord. Damaris could not realise, at first, all the sacrifices which her new profession demanded from her, but she knew not all the great good which the Gospel had in store for herself — for her sex. In her day—though women moved freely in society—it was with a conscious, though undefined, sense of inferiority. They seldom enlivened the social meal, while they were in a great measure shut out from the ordinary pursuits and intercourses of life. Damaris probably owned slaves, for slavery then was the normal condition of millions, but she was now taught that in Christ Jesus there was neither bond nor free; and if she did not manumit her sisters in bondage, she would give to them that which was just and equal. She would remember that all were free in the sight of the Heavenly Father. In such a woman as the pure-hearted, right-minded Damaris, we see the power of Christianity on the sex—what it does to refine and elevate. Women sat at the feet of Jesus, and Jesus lifted them up. The captive daughter of Zion he raised from the dust to be the equal, the companion, the true helper of man. Damaris was, as it appears, the first fruits of the female gentile world. A multitude without number have followed her shining example. It will not be lost whilst the world endures.

MAHOMEDAN WOMEN. — A writer in the *Central Christian Advocate* makes the following statement concerning the condition of women in the Holy Land :—"So far no traveller, I believe, has ever related that he saw a Moslem girl in a Moslem school. The Arabs have many schools, but they are only for the boys. The women who live under the sway of the Crescent of Stamboul never receive any education, being looked upon as beings of an inferior race. In some districts they are not considered to have any souls, and so rarely go through any devotions in the mosques or concern themselves about religious matters. And what is the consequence? Here woman is idle, dejected, corrupted, filthy, and just as repulsive as she should be attractive.

LITTLE PORTLAND STREET CHAPEL, LONDON.

LITTLE PORTLAND-STREET CHAPEL, LONDON.

THE history of the congregation which has assembled in this chapel from its erection must be commenced at the time of the formation of the first Unitarian church in the west-end of the metropolis. This was in the year 1824, when a chapel in York-street, St. James'-square, was taken upon lease by a munificent individual—theretofore a member of Mr. Belsham's congregation in Essex-street—at his own risk, by whom every expense attending the conduct of worship was defrayed, until after an experiment of several years the society became self-supporting. It may be incidentally mentioned that this gentleman (the late William Agar, Esq., K.C.) was a very large contributor towards the building of the Unitarian Chapel at Brighton.

The chapel was opened for Unitarian worship on Sunday, 19th Dec., 1824, when sermons were preached by the Rev. Dr. Carpenter, of Bristol. It was originally erected for the use of a Roman Catholic congregation, and subsequently occupied by societies of Swedenborgians and Baptists, who successively removed into chapels built expressly for them. About 600 persons attended at the opening services on its becoming a Unitarian place of worship. From 1824 to the early part of 1828 the services were conducted by various ministers of the denomination, among others by the Revs. S. S. W. Browne and John Small, of whom biographical notices will be found in the "Christian Reformer," 1833.

In January, 1828, the late Rev. Edward Tagart was invited through Mr. Belsham to the vacant pulpit of York-street Chapel. In a personal narrative, Mr. Tagart records that he was at first rather Mr. Agar's chaplain than the minister of the congregation. The attendance was scanty—the subscribers very few. By degrees they became more numerous and regular. He urged upon Mr. Agar the propriety of consulting the congregation upon the expediency of continuing thus to assemble at so great a private expense. This advice was stimulated by a notice from the landlord to terminate the tenancy of the chapel. The question of the possibility and propriety of building a chapel was then raised. An appeal was made to the congregation, and cordially responded to. Upwards of £2000 was raised by subscriptions, and £2000 more lent by Mr. Agar and another of its members, which debts have long since been paid.

Great difficulty was experienced in finding a site suitable for the wants and aims of the society. At length a piece of ground was found which recommended itself as being near the important thoroughfares of Regent and Oxford-streets, and was taken on a building lease for sixty years, from the Duke of Portland. The first stone of the chapel, of which we give a woodcut in our present number, was laid in December, 1832. The final Unitarian service was performed in York-street in March, 1833, after which the chapel was consecrated by the Bishop of London for Episcopalian worship as a chapel of ease to the parish church of St. James, Westminster, which it still continues to be. The present congregation are privileged to have for their incumbent the Rev. Stopford Brooke, distinguished as the friend and biographer of Robertson, and for his own able discourses and broad theological views.

Little Portland-street Chapel was opened for worship on Sunday the 26th of May, 1833, when sermons were preached by the minister, Mr. Tagart, and the Rev. Robert Aspland. The audiences were large and the collections liberal.

The chapel is so well known to our readers that a description of it seems superfluous. Our woodcut represents its façade. The interior is elegant and commodious, and well adapted to the voice. It will comfortably seat from 500 to 600 persons. The cost of the building was £4600.

The sermon preached on its opening by Mr. Tagart was printed; its subject—"The Rise and Progress of Unitarian Christianity; an Earnest of its Future Triumph."

From that period until his death, in 1858, Mr. Tagart continued the minister of the congregation, but during the later years of his ministry he was assisted by several of his friends, including the Revs. Dr. Sadler, Dr. Harrison, and T. L. Marshall. The congregation has, from time to time, numbered among its ranks many members whose names are familiar words in the spheres of philanthropy, literature, science and art, whom it would be invidious here to distinguish from those earnest and

faithful followers in the faith who have made up the band of fellow worshippers in the chapel. Still it may be excusable to record that for several years Mr. Charles Dickens was a constant attendant with his family until he removed from London to Gadshill. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Tagart, and in the year 1844, when the congregation presented the latter with a handsome testimonial of their affection and esteem, no fitter person could have been entrusted to compose the inscription. It is gratifying to know, from a letter written by Mr. Dickens to a friend shortly before his death, that he never altered his religious views, and the Dean of Westminster, in his funeral sermon, preached in the Abbey on the occasion of the death of the great writer, was fain to admit and extenuate his heretical creed.

The death of Mr. Tagart, on his return from his visit to the Unitarian churches of Transylvania, is in the memory of our readers.

Shortly after Mr. Tagart's death a subscription was privately made for the erection of a memorial of his ministry in the chapel. This was expended in a marble monument placed over the communion-table. It consists of a sculpture in *basso relievo*, representing our Lord in the attitude of addressing his disciples, with the left hand pointing upwards—the words, "through me to the Father:" *Per me ad Patrem.* On the suggestion of his deeply-attached widow—to whom the subscribers referred for expression of her wishes on the subject of the memorial — this sculpture was designed from a drawing of the statue of Christ by Dannecker, in the chapel of the Abbey of St. Emmeran, at Ratisbon, the beauty of which had greatly impressed Mr. Tagart on his visiting that city on his return from Hungary, and on which the above text, so appropriate to Unitarian views, is inscribed in the German language.

The rest of the inscription was penned by the late Mr. Tayler, and is as follows :—

IN MEMORIAM
EDVARDI TAGART, HUJUS ECCLESIÆ
ANN. XXX. PASTORIS.
NAT. VIII. ID. OCTBR., MDCCCIV.
OB. XII. ID. OCTBR., MDCCCLVIII.

Upon Mr. Tagart's death the congregation applied to the Rev. James Martineau to become their minister, and this request was gratified by an acceptance of the office by Mr. Martineau, in conjunction with the late Rev. John James Tayler. The latter, from declining health, resigned the co-pastorate a few years before his death, but the congregation still enjoys the pre-eminent honour and benefit of Mr. Martineau's ministry.

The amiable and refined character of the late Mr. J. J. Tayler, and the scholarship and exalted moral tone of his writings, will long endear his memory to our body. Of Mr. Martineau's intellectual eminence we forbear to speak here in terms which, though gratifying when coming from those outside our pale, would savour of adulation and sectarian vanity in ourselves.*

During Mr. Martineau's ministry the congregation have replaced the organ formerly in use by a fine instrument, at a cost of £400 ; and at his instance and under his auspices they have shown their sympathy with public interests by erecting, at much greater cost, large school buildings in a neighbouring street, known as the "Portland British Schools," in which great numbers of the children of the district are taught.

The article in the *Daily Telegraph* which we have referred to was occasioned by the recent proceedings of a Scotch Presbytery against the Rev. Mr. Knight for preaching in Mr. Martineau's pulpit.

It is to be hoped—and, judging from past experience, we are justified in expecting—that when the lease of Portland-street Chapel expires—which will be at no distant period — not only will the congregation, if they desire it, be able to obtain its renewal on favourable terms, but that, in the meantime, a new and superior edifice will have been dedicated to the cause of liberal Christianity. C. F. T.

A FAIR QUESTION.—The following is from a newspaper :—"While people find it perfectly safe and prudent to go about their ordinary business in all sorts of weather, 'rain or shine,' a rainy Sunday will keep them closely shut up at home. Why is it that a Sunday rain-storm is so much more dreadful to encounter than a 'secular' one?"

* See *Daily Telegraph*, of July 12 1872.

THE SCANDINAVIANS AND THEIR RELIGION.

THOSE strong and lusty Northmen served their gods with all their might, and felt, as they fetched some huge stones from a distance and rolled them up a hill, that those acts of physical strength were deeds in which their deities delighted. We fail to find with them the tenderness of mind or the sweetness of sentiment found among southern nations; yet there was to compensate for this, purity and manliness of life.

It is difficult to find in the accounts of their religion anything like a system of theology. In very early times, it is said, their ideas of a Supreme God were very simple and monotheistic, and that they forbade any corporeal representation of God, and worshipped him in the woods. We have no account of idol worship among them. A few noble buildings were erected, and many stones set up in honour of God. When the simplicity of monotheism was lost to them, then they, like other nations, had gods many. Their principal deity was Odin, or Wodin—a deified warrior, father of war, and was supposed to adopt all who died in battle. And all their gods became but the deification of fighting passions. *Tur*, was the dispenser of victories. *Thor*, the avenger of the gods. *Vadi*, the formidable archer. *Uller*, the presiding genius of duels. *Syma*, the avenger of broken faith. *Hela*, the goddess of death. The *Valkyries* were the goddesses of slaughter. And there were others who presided over hunting, fishing, the heavens and the earth, nature, and human life. They had an intelligence united to every different appearance in nature, and it would appear at one time they felt a divine intelligence in almost everything—the quivering of a leaf, the crackling of the fire, the roll of thunder, the flight of birds, their dreams and visions of the night. And as their minds were moulded with ideas of conflict and warfare, they thought of the gods of the heavens and the earth, of the sea and the land, at battle. So that darkness and light, heat and cold, calm and storm, were signs of a warfare going on among the spiritual powers, the hidden forces of the world.

We have learned that they believed that they should give of their best to the gods. They had seasons in which they offered sacrifices. Every third year they had a great time of religious offerings, and then several persons were put to death in honour of their gods. Times of great trouble were met by great sacrifices. On one occasion a petty king was burnt to Odin. Nor did the kings spare the blood of their subjects, nor the chiefs the choicest of their children. An earl in Norway offered his son that he might win a battle over the pirates. A Swedish king at one time offered nine of his sons on the altar. There are places still standing far north, large stone altars, on which the victims suffered death. They never thought the sacrifice of a vicious passion or a hateful desire acceptable to their gods. So far were they behind the morals of true religion. They concluded their religious services with great feasting and drinking. They drank most immoderately, every one making some vow or prayer to some particular god. It is generally admitted that the central idea of the Scandinavian religion was courage, a free struggle with opposition; so war became to them a business, and bravery a chief virtue. To fight a good fight was the surest way to the region of honour here and for ever. The chief gods sent their angels to every battle-field, so they thought, to select the brave dead, to take them off to heaven as the worthy companions of the gods themselves. Can we wonder they were fighting nations, never at rest, plundering and pirating on every sea and spot of land? They loved war for its own sake, and they believed their gods were always cheering them on. It is said that not till about the tenth century did the people of the north seem to lose complete faith in their old religions, though, as we shall show, Christian missionaries had been long among them. They first thought of Christ as a new god that would help them in their serious fights with their foes. Their conversion to Christianity was the work of hundreds of years, and is not completed yet, we all know, to the sorrow of nations. We have thought the tale of this great change from the love of war to a more peaceful spirit might be best told in the words of Longfellow, though intended to describe rude Western tribes :—

The Creator of the nations
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,

But as feuds and fights of children !
Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand ;
Spake to then with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise :—
" O my children ! my poor children !
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you !
I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes ;
Why then are you not contented ?
Why then will you hunt each other ?
I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and discussions ;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord ;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.
I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper ;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish !
Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war paint from your faces,
Wash the blood stains from your fingers,
And as brothers live henceforward ! "

It is a curious and instructive fact that a persistent training can entirely reverse the preferences and feelings of human life upon a matter so solemn as death. We think it preferable to die in old age and peacefully on our bed. They thought it more desirable to die in battle. They loved fighting, and thought that their high enjoyment of conflict with a foe would form a large share of the next world's bliss. Fighting through the day and feasting through the night was the conception they formed of heaven. That all wounds would heal during the night they had received in the day time, and every morning they would be ready for hunting or fighting again. An Edda has the following :— "The heroes that are received into the palace of Odin have every day the pleasure of arming themselves in battle, and destroying one another. As soon as the evening hour of feasting comes they are pieced again together, and come to the banqueting-hall safe and sound. A crowd of maidens wait upon them at table, and fill the cups as fast as they can empty them."

" All men of worth shall there abide,
And bliss enjoy through endless tide."

They believed in different places for the brave and good, different degrees of glory. It was their opinion that none who died of old age, or a natural death, could share in the highest bliss. And they taught there were different degrees of suffering for the cowardly. That some would be sent down to Niflheim, at the very bottom of the north pole. The Scandinavian notion of hell was that of a vast region of ice, deep down, and that the worst of people would be sent to the deepest and coldest region, where the state of suffering would be most pinching and severe. Our common people now are threatened with fire, in former times they were threatened with ice.

The first missionary and Christian effort made among the Northmen was by Ulphilas, a zealous Unitarian, or Arian, in the year 350. Neander says, "It is to the credit of the orthodox historians that they do not on this account of his Arianism abate anything of their praise of Ulphilas." He has been extolled by the Roman Catholic Church for his great labours. He made the first translation of the Bible into the German language. Fragments of his Gothic version, which were done in silver letters, are still preserved at Upsal. The northern tribes that were at first won over to Christianity were so by Arian missionaries in the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. Dean Milman says, "As the records of those missions have perished, the Catholics perhaps destroyed or disdained to preserve the fame of Arian conquests to a common Christianity." It was in the tenth century that Christianity began to be more widely adopted in the North of Europe.

THE RELIGIOUS OPINIONS OF SIR M. HALE.

We have little hope of ever attaining definite knowledge on this subject. It is, of course, admitted on all hands that Hale was educated as a Trinitarian, and maintained orthodox opinions during the greater part of his life. The question that remains for discussion is, whether any evidence exists as to his opinions in his latter years.

We knew that he spent a great part of his time in the study of abstruse theological questions, so much so, indeed, that Baxter feared he must be compelled to neglect practical religion; and that he thought things out for himself without timidity or dependence. His fearless principle was ("Advice to his Grandchildren." Letter iii.) "You cannot err dangerously in religion so long as you make Almighty God your director and guide, and His Word your rule both of faith and life." We gather, too, that he must have read anti-Trinitarian books, both from his allusion to Socinian writers in his printed works, and from his having left behind a MS. on punishments, in relation to the Socinian controversy.

Did these studies affect his orthodoxy? We think there is some reason for supposing that they did. It is true that none of his friends who have left memorials of him seem to have suspected it; but this is easily explained. Hale is always described as a particularly cautious man, and men of even little caution would have been very chary in those days of expressing doubts upon a dogma of so great importance. (How little did we know of Locke's, Milton's, or Newton's heresy, till their private MSS. were published?) Moreover, the troublous times in which Hale lived, which distressed him so much by their religious divisions, would deter him from adding any new controversy to those that already rent the Church; his professional habits of deference for established order, and his important position in the realm, would restrain him from appearing as an opponent of the Church; and the irreligion and immorality which followed the Restoration seemed to call on Christian men to devote all their efforts to the cause of practical religion rather than of dogmatical discussion.

That Hale's opinions on several points were not those commonly accounted orthodox is, we think, clear. His biographer, Dr. Williams, complains (p. 303) of Hale's careless phraseology, exposing him to the charge of being an upholder, in the matter of a sinner's justification before God, of works of moral obedience." And (p. 305) of passages in Hale's works which "are capable of the most dangerous perversion; which stand in opposition to the writings of the Reformers, the Homilies and the Articles of the Established Church, the whole body of the Puritans, and the first elements of the Gospel." Similarly, a writer in the *Christian Observer* (v. 567), says, "In one or two passages, Hale speaks of the merit of human actions in unguarded terms. . . His description of faith (I. 107-109) also appears to us to be imperfect. In enumerating the doctrines, a belief of which is essential to true faith, Hale omits all reference to that of the atonement, even when he speaks of God as being "ready upon repentance and amendment to pardon whatsoever is amiss." (He might have added, "or to that of the Trinity," for the Third Person is not mentioned.) These writers remark that in other passages Hale has expressed himself differently; but it does not seem to have occurred to them that this had probably resulted, not from confusion of mind, but from a gradual change of opinion in the course of years. Thus we know that the "Contemplations," in which the passages just objected to occur, were the accumulated writings of a considerable period, and were published without Hale's knowledge, or he would (as we learn from the preface to his "Origination of Mankind") have used more care in the digesting and writing thereof." The best clue to Sir M. Hale's views of the person of Christ is to be found in his poems on Christmas Day. In the poem for 1667 we find

> "Two natures, God and man, most strictly joined
> Into one person, yet distinct remained."

And in the earlier poems we find emphatic declarations of orthodoxy. But none such occur in the poem for 1668, nor in the subsequent Christmas poem which Bishop Burnet prints in his life of Hale. If then Hale became Unitarian, he did so after 1667; and our inquiries must be limited to his subsequent writings.

What evidence do his works afford of any such change? His "Discourse of the Knowledge of God" is orthodox, but we find from his friend's preface to the original

edition of 1688 (p. 5), that "it was a work of his younger years, that he afterwards much improved his metaphysical and scholastical observations and discourses, and somewhat altered his opinion touching some points in controversy." At p. 122 Hale, after discussing the doctrine of the Trinity, adds, "It is utterly impossible that the notion of Personality or Subsistence, as we take it up from inferior being can get that which is the highest and most arcane mystery of the Infinite Being; and, consequently, those disputes which are built upon those disproportionable notions, are not without a necessity of erring."

The absence of information as to the date of his works embarrasses us much in our quest. But we have two to which definite dates have been given: the "Letters to his Grandchildren," written in 1673, and the "Origination of Mankind," published in the last year of his life. In these works, certainly, no trace of complete orthodoxy appears. In the former (chap. i.) he says, as he says also in the "Discourse of Religion," that the Apostles' Creed contains all necessary belief—and we need scarcely say that that creed is purely Unitarian.

He adds, "They that place the great weight of Christian religion in difficult notions and speculations, in forms and postures, in having ceremonies or having none, make the Christian religion another thing than ever Christ our Lord intended it."

We pass now to his last work, "The Origination of Mankind." In speaking (p. 293) of the verse in Genesis about the Spirit of God moving on the face of the waters, he says, "What this Spirit of God was I shall not determine." He speaks (p. 325) of "the incarnate Son of God." Again (p. 318), in giving an elaborate account of the results of the Fall, he speaks of original sin in no stronger terms than this: "An abatement and diminution of man's [original] habits of knowledge and rectitude of soul, and a great weakening and decay."

Moreover, the "Discourses of Religion," which he prepared and delivered for publication by Baxter, in his closing days, after "he was gone home, as in great weakness, to the place of his death," certainly afford no proof whatever of orthodoxy, but in fact gave rise recently to the suspicion of Hale's Unitarianism. It should be observed that in his letters to his children he warns them carefully against several classes of heretics—Papists, Anabaptists, and others, but says not a word of Anti-Trinitarianism.

We should add that, in perusing even his earlier and orthodox writings, we have been surprised by his constant reference of all power and devotion to the Father, whom he constantly speaks of as being the one True God and cause of all things, and object of worship, in a manner which is strangely inconsistent with his occasional references to a Trinity, and which is not now employed by any Trinitarians.

Our conclusion on the whole matter, whilst we feel that no complete certainty can be attained, is that Hale's whole mode of viewing man's religious duties was always that which we adopt.* That he laid that pre-eminent stress on practical religion which we lay; held the Atonement in only a modified form, and seldom alluded to that doctrine; sought for truth freely, and without deference to authority, and spoke of man's present mental and moral powers as we speak. We believe that on speculative points also he came into nearer harmony with us in his later years; for though he evidently believed to the last in the Son's pre-existence, we think that he ceased to believe in Christ's Deity, or in the Personality of the Holy Spirit.

One word more. If our adversaries deny the validity of these arguments, and insist that Hale died orthodox, we must press upon them one consequence. It would follow, then, that a devout and learned Trinitarian wrote whole volumes of theology which contain no reference to Trinitarian dogmas, but can be used by all Christians alike, and which Unitarians gladly employ as a statement of their faith and feelings, and a help to their religious life.

If this be so, can Unitarianism be so utterly unscriptural and unchristian a scheme as our opponents often declare it? Are the Trinity and the "Evangelical" doctrines so essential to religion, and the gulf between Unitarian and Trinitarian so vast, as they are said to be? We are ready to speak as Hale spoke; will the orthodox count us brethren as they count him?

O. S. K.

* See article by the late James Yates in the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, April, 1871.

THE POWER OF WORDS.

HAVE you ever thought what wonderful power there is in words? How they stir our hearts with hope and joy; how they excite our passions with zeal, indignation, anger, hate! They warn us; they enlighten us; they console us. They fill the soul with gladness; they sadden it into gloom and despair; they arouse it into activity. Words carry with them the refreshing air of health, and the contagious influence of disease. Words are battle cries. They call us to duty, and inspire us. They are possessed of a force which stimulates us into action. Centuries ago there existed a country which was threatened by a powerful foe. In that country lived a great orator, and he got the people round him, and spoke to them about this foe in such words—words that fell upon them like the clangour of a clarion—that the people said with one heart and mind, "Let us fight him!" Philip confessed that he feared the words of Demosthenes more than an army of one hundred thousand soldiers. These words were triumphing battle cries; the sounds of a trumpet to be up and doing against the enemy. They were mighty voices which penetrated to and resounded in the hearts of the people. So is it still. Words are ever cries. "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," is the shibboleth of a party. "Secular Education — Religious Education," are the watchwords of eduational reformers. "The Gospel," that is the cry of the popular religious party, who, however, contract the term into a synonym for their own views.

But words go deeper still. They touch our inmost soul; they awaken the strongest passions and the deepest emotions. Yonder is a slave, dragging out a life of bondage, unblessed by men, cursed by an inhuman practice, doomed to torturing toil, ignorance, and innumerable ills: think you that the sound of "liberty" coming from afar off means nothing? Think you that it awakens no hope, creates no panting, excites no longing for a free air and a free country? Here is a united and happy family: their peace and love are all expressed in the word "home." Home! Who feels nothing at that word—no sorrow, joy, tears, rapture? Sound it in the ears of the sinner in his wildness and wandering: does he think of no sister's sweet voice? Does he recall no mother's earnest prayer, no yearning entreaties for his sake? Does he remember no father's wise, affectionate counsel? Does he see no eager, glistening eye looking out for his return? Are there not moments when he feels

> "How the strong surge of speechless agony
> Sweeps o'er each feature, and he hears a voice,
> 'Perchance he'll come to-morrow!'"

Home! Speak of it to the mariner on the distant sea: will the hoarse murmur of the multitudinous waves drown the echoes of the tones of far-away friends? Speak of it to the widow: will it not be to her a portrait of a house of mourning? Name it to the orphan: will it not be a picture of loneliness and desolation? Home! It brings joy and sorrow, gladness and gloom, hope and despair. It is a representation of happiness here—a painting of misery there.

Yes—what a marvellous effect words have! They possess a weight which no man can calculate, which only God can reckon up. They produce results which no man can measure, and no man limit, which go on to eternity, which God alone can comprehend. When we speak we are writing on the walls of heaven. When Bismarck speaks Europe listens. A nation waits to hear the words of the Prime Minister, and his utterances sometimes determine the fate of an Administration. But when any man speaks, to whom is it? To God, and his words are penned in the history of eternity. Throw a pebble in the river, and the agitation of the waters has its effect miles away. Do to me one good or bad act, and the result, whatever it may be, whether it ennobles or degrades me, will not be confined to me, but will be carried on to those who come after me. And the words of our mouth, think you that they are light and trivial? Think you that they die away in the air, and are heard of no more for ever? Think you that they are buried in an eternal grave? Think you not that their sound is gone forth throughout the circuit of eternity, where it is echoed for ever and ever? Words produce consequences which the future alone can and will reveal? What, therefore, must be their power? Power to inspire hopes which will never fade, to excite fears which may never be allayed, to mould our characters here, to be instruments in the production of those states of mind which will make us meet for the hereafter.

S. F. WILLIAMS.

NOTICE.

The address of the Editor is, now, Rev. Robert Spears, 73, Angell-road, Brixton, London.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

—o—

A SAFER PROPHET THAN CUMMING. — The entire continent of North America, according to Sir Charles Lyell, will be washed away in 4,500,000 years.

STANLEY *versus* WORDSWORTH. — Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, cannot be very tender-hearted, for he compares his feelings in listening of old to the public chanting of the Anthanasian Creed in Westminster Abbey, where Dean Stanley would put cotton in his ears if they should chant the horrible anathemas now, "to those of the hosts who heard Miriam's chant over the destruction of the Egyptians in the Red Sea, or Deborah's over the defeat of Sisera."

A JUST REBUKE. — The New York *Independent* thus criticises the action of the clergymen of England in refusing to set aside the Athanasian Creed:—They exult in their loyalty to a creed which every one is at liberty to explain away, and which is explained away by nine-tenths of all those who read it. Such hypocrisy and fast-and-loose play may be very "catholic," but it is not honest. We do not say that they who thus act where religion is concerned would be ready to apply the same principles to their secular relations; for men are often better than their religion. But we do say that a scandalous example is here set up before the people of England by a body which assumes to be Christ's own Church, and that its tendency is to weaken the foundations of morality, to foster infidelity, and to teach men that sincerity is not of prime importance in religious matters.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—In my family there resides an old man who has lived eighty-six years. He is a member of a Christian Church, but for several years past he has been so feeble, both in body and mind, that he has not gone away from home, even to attend Church. His mind, once strong and vigorous, has become broken, and he is at present more like a child five or six years old, than like a vigorous man. But he will sit down, take the Bible, and read whole chapters aloud. At such times he seems to understand not only what he is doing, but seems to enjoy it greatly. One evening, after he had retired for the night, he called in his daughter, seeming to imagine that she was his mother. "Mother," said he, "come here by my bed, and hear me say my prayers before I go to sleep." His daughter obeyed and stood by his bed. Then the old man clasped his hands with great reverence, and repeated that child's beautiful evening prayer:—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
If I should die before I wake."

He was apparently a child again, saying his prayers at his mother's knees.—*S. S. Herald.*

A FESTIVE GREETING.—The *Saturday Review* tells of a tract which was distributed on a festive occasion. It bore the inspiriting title, "Are you aware that you are going to Hell?"

INSINCERITY.—The Rev. Dr. Bartol says, among other illustrations of insincerity, that "the man who consigns Unitarians and Universalists to hell-fire from the pulpit, yet hails them with friendly greeting as he meets them in daily life, is *insincere*."

AN EXCEPTION.—The celebrated Dr. Strong, of Hartford, preached some time in a neigbouring village. One day a committee called upon him to settle with him for his services, and after stammering for awhile, signified to him that his services were no longer required. "What does this mean, gentlemen?" asked the doctor. "Why," replied the spokesman, with some hesitation, "the people have got the impression that you are inclining to universal salvation." "Gentlemen," answered the doctor, "I never have preached that doctrine, but if I ever should, I promise to make the people of this town an exception."

PROOFS OF TOTAL DEPRAVITY.—Half a century since, before the division of the Congregationalists into Unitarian and Trinitarian, Dr. Beecher and Dr. Ware, both preachers in Boston, frequently discussed their religious differences, of which inherent total depravity formed a feature of the belief of Dr. B. One day, his patience being sorely tried by his children's mischief, he petulantly remarked, "I do not wonder that Ware, with *his* children, does not believe in total depravity; but if he had *mine*, he would be a firm believer in it."—*Harper's Monthly.*

TROUBLES.—Some people are as careful of their troubles as mothers are of their babies; they cuddle them, and rock them, and hug them, and cry over them, and fly into a passion with you if you try to take them away from them; they want you to fret with them, and to help them to believe that they have been worse treated than anybody else. If they could, they would have a picture of their grief in a gold frame hung over the mantle-shelf for everybody to look at. And their grief makes them ordinarily selfish—they think more of their dear little grief in the basket and in the cradle than they do of all the world besides; and they say you are hard-hearted if you say "don't fret." "Ah! you don t understand me—you don't know me—you can't enter into my trials."

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Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 73, Angell Road, Brixton, London, and all Business Letters to EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, London.

Printed by SAMUEL TAYLOR, Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and Published by EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand.